

The Evening World

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CLEARING THE CLERICAL VOICE.

LONDON reports announce that at a convocation of Bishops a resolution was adopted to the effect that evidence of training in the production of the natural voice in public reading and public speaking shall hereafter be deemed a necessary requirement for admission to the diaconate.

Concerning this resolution many a church-goer will say: "This is the way I long have sought and mourned because I found it not." Bed reading and bad speaking in the pulpit have had as much effect in keeping the pews vacant as have the sins and temptations that the preacher in a muffled, monotonous voice continues to denounce.

Good reading and good speaking are not difficult tasks to learn. The average clergyman, however, is subject to a delusion that a certain chanting or intoning style is needed to give solemnity to his utterances. From this delusion such action as the English convocation has taken may help to rid them. Should any good effect be noted, it would be well for American churches to imitate the example.

NEW DANGER TO JOY RIDERS.

FROM Berlin comes report of a new horror in the way of crime; one in which the joy ride is made to contribute to murder and robbery. The criminals stretched a strong, slender wire across the highway. It was so slender that a chauffeur speeding through the night could not see it even when the glare of his headlight was upon it. But it was so tough and tense that when it caught the victims across the neck, it did not snap until it had cut their throats like a razor. Then as they lay dying the robbers looted them at ease.

Here is another evidence that every new invention of mechanism for man's convenience provides a new means for the commission of crime. Only through the high speed of the motor car could such robbery be safely attempted. In a measure it is like derailing a passenger train. The victim contributes to his own death by the speed with which he drives. In the case under review the car was going at such a rate that the stroke of the wire almost decapitated the two of the passengers on the front seat and hurt another in the tonneau. It was a triumph of diabolism; murder making use of a joy ride.

THE CONFUSION OF SUNDAY LAWS.

AS nearly all those that gave testimony or counsel to the Legislative Committee on police legislation agreed that the law against the sale of liquor on Sunday is a fruitful cause of graft, it is virtually certain the committee will recommend that a popular vote on the subject be taken in the city as a measure of home rule.

Such recommendation will be generally approved. There will remain the question whether the referendum shall be made to the city as a whole, to the different boroughs separately or to even smaller districts. This is by no means an unimportant phase of the issue. If the city is to have the right of self-government, it should exercise it as a whole. If there should be one law on one side of a street and a contrary law on the other, the present confusion will be worse compounded.

The code of Sunday laws is bad enough now. We have at present under consideration questions whether a dealer in delicatessen has a right to sell a sandwich or other prepared food on Sunday; whether Hebrews that keep Sabbath on Saturday can have a play at a theatre on Sunday. Why make the jungle worse by having not only different rules for different days and different trades but also for different wards?

THE WAGES AND MORALS OF GIRLS.

CHICAGO merchants and manufacturers employing large numbers of women have declared a conviction that the rate of a girl's wages has no necessary relation to the standard of her morals. On the other hand, the women themselves have declared just the contrary. They insist that nearly the whole supply of girls to the underworld trade is due to the fact that neither in factories, nor in shops, nor in domestic service can they earn enough to enable them to live in accord with the "conventional standard."

There is, of course, an issue as to what is meant by the conventional standard. Every woman really fixes her own standard in such matters, and the minimum is put at between \$8 and \$9 a week for girls living away from home. It was brought out that some employers pay more to girls that live away from home than to those that do not, though the one does as much work as the other. Herein is perhaps an inducement to girls to leave home.

When asked whether employers could not pay higher wages to girls without going into bankruptcy, the employers stated they could do so if the increase in wages were enforced in other States as well as in Illinois. This complicates the issue. We shall doubtless have much sentimental legislation concerning it, but it will be difficult to get good wages for girls that willingly accept low wages for the sake of getting away from home restraints.

Letters From the People

From an "Expert Ex-Expert."

To the Editor of The Evening World:
I was glad to read the letters about the chance of horse-racing's return. Personally, I have no scruples against horse-racing. And once or twice in younger days I was fool enough to throw away on the wrong horse small sums of money that would have made life a little pleasanter and more comfortable for those whose happiness and welfare depend on me. Also, three young men of my own acquaintance have gone to prison to sing Sing, one to Elmira for "borrowing" from their employers to play the races; and two more have lost good jobs and their money that way. But this is their own lookout. All I complain of is the fate of arresting a man who makes a bet on one side of a racetrack fence

and protecting him by law when he makes it on the other side of the same fence. That is not justice. It is not even common sense. It is only law. Upholders of racetrack gambling boast that it is a recognized custom in some parts of Europe. So are kings, Siberian prisoners, muzzling of the press, murderous uprisings and other similar noble institutions which we primitive Americans have not yet learned to imitate. Reading forever say!

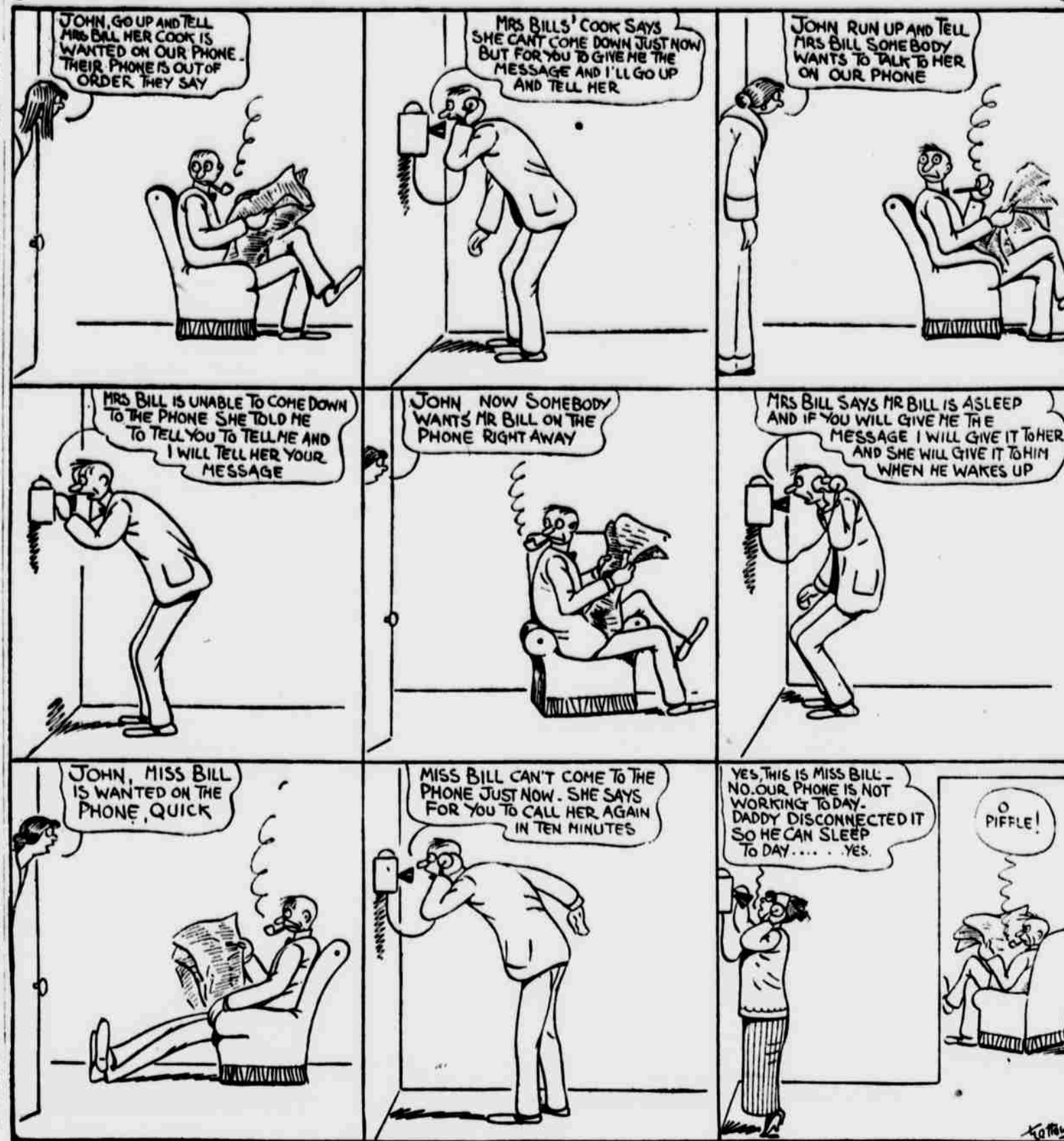
JOHN F. Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

An Algebra Fallacy.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
About a year ago a letter was printed proving by algebra that 2+3=1-2 (I forgot which). Will some one write this out again?

The Day of Rest

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By Maurice Ketten



The Jarr Family



Copyright, 1913, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).

"WHERE'S my calabash pipe?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Now, you're not going to smoke in my dining room, are you?" asked Mrs. Jarr in turn.

"It was really Mr. Jarr's dining room as well. But in speaking of it, Mrs. Jarr always said 'my' dining room and never 'our' dining room."

"I'm going to smoke up something!" growled Mr. Jarr. "It's too cold to smoke on the fire escape or the roof. It's too far to go in the basement and smoke with the janitor. Where's my calabash pipe?"

"Please, papa, I saw your pipe in the front room—the big yellow pipe," said little Miss Jarr.

"Now, don't go in there!" cried Mrs. Jarr as Mr. Jarr started toward the front of the house. "Mrs. Gratch is taking a nap on the davenport. She's just worn out after hiking to Washington and hiking back."

"But she hiked back on the car," said Mr. Jarr.

"That is between her and her conscience," replied Mrs. Jarr. "I only know she has suffered for the cause of Equal Suffrage, and while I can't just make out why they walked to Wash-

ington and why they seemed to enjoy being insulted after they got there, still everybody said it was a glorious deed!"

"Do you mean to tell me that woman is asleep with her feet in a mustard bath in the front room, and yet I'm not permitted to smoke my pipe in peace in this house?"

"Well, if everybody is to have a good time, if the children are to see the movies and be treated to sweets, and if Mrs. Gratch can come, and be foot-tubbed and fed on lamb chops in my front room, on my davenport, at least I should be permitted to smoke my new calabash pipe—presented to me by admiring friends when I was threatened with brain fever."

"This seemed a reasonable remonstrance, and, after giving it some thought, Mrs. Jarr announced that she would slip quietly into the front room and see if she could find Mr. Jarr's new calabash; and if she could find it and bring it out without awakening Mrs. Gratch, champion suffragette hikerette, Mr. Jarr would be permitted to smoke it in the dining room, provided he blew the smoke out of the window on the airshaft."

Mr. Jarr suddenly agreed, and Mrs. Jarr tripped lightly into the front room. Here she must have awakened Mrs. Gratch, champion suffragette hikerette. Mr. Jarr would be permitted to smoke it in the dining room, provided he blew the smoke out of the window on the airshaft."

After fretting impatiently for some ten or fifteen minutes, Mr. Jarr began to wonder why the children were so quiet, especially as they had been promised a peek at the movies, and it was only an hour or so till evening show-time.

A glance under the table developed the fact that the children were quiet as mice because they were playing with a mouse—the mouse Master Jarr had alive on a string.

"Whistle!" said Mr. Jarr. "Would you like to see the circus when it comes? Emma, would you like to go, too?"

Strangely enough, the children said yes.

"Well," said Mr. Jarr, "you mustn't be cruel to poor dumb animals. Mrs. Gratch should have some mustard water. Once loose mustard water. I am going in the front room for my calabash pipe while your mother has forgotten she went for. After I get in the front room, whistle, you bring in the mouse and put it right in the tub of mustard water Mrs. Gratch has her feet in."

"The poor mouse will be so happy, poor papa will be so happy, Mrs. Gratch will be so happy— But it is to be a surprise for her, so you must rush right in and throw the mouse right at her feet, as it were!"

"Yes, papa," said the dutiful child.

"And, Hoke!" said the dutiful child.

"Whistle!" said Mr. Jarr, "I am surprised at you. Remember, mouse—mustard water!"

And he slipped away.

He had no sooner reached the front room than Master Jarr came running in, followed by his dear little sister. The children laughed in childish glee.

Master Jarr threw the mouse, but it missed the footstool and fell on the floor. Whereupon the dauntless Mrs. Gratch, who feared neither man nor mouse (for she was a suffragette), seized the little hikerette mouse and squashed the poor rodent to a pulp.

Mr. Jarr gave a shriek, for the jolt of the blow knocked his new calabash off the piano and smashed it to smithereens.

No, the children didn't get to the movies, either.

"Well, March 'came in like a lion,'" "And then changed for a while into a Polar bear."

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Mr. Jarr Tries a Time Honored Joke, But It Fails to Run True to Form

Conquests of Constance

By Alma Woodward

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"SUCH a headache!" moaned the fortune teller. "I'll read the stars an' tell you the complexion of your future husband. Well, it gives me a shock, because it was just two days after I set the bald old Cuban planter loose. (An' his complexion was always my touchy point, leanin' toward the pale parrot as it did.) So I called this guy down good an' hard fer speakin' to me, who was a stranger to him."

"But yuh couldn't 'a' hurt his feelin's with a gob of nitroglycerin. So he just stood an' went on talkin' in his kid-meek way, until I forked over half a dollar fer him to tell me I was goin' to cross some water with a dark man an' get to a light lady what was goin' to make trouble."

"Well, when he dug up that dope, in exchange for my fifty, naturally I was pecked; so he said if I'd come around to his studio he'd tell me a lot more fer a quarter extra. I was game! I went. An' by gosh, he fell right off the reel fer my peerless beauty an' wouldn't take no money fer the fortune at all! Then he began to hang around, waitin' fer me to come out, an' he got more an' more confidential, until finally he let me into the secrets of his profess."

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Women Who Helped Build America

By Albert Payson Terhune

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No. 18—ELIZABETH SCHUYLER, Another "Power Behind the Throne."

HOT tempered, domineering old Gen. Philip Schuyler, "overlord" of a big New York State domain, had five daughters. All five were pretty. And four of the five created a Babel of talk by running away from home to be married. Eighty per cent. of elopements in one family of girls was something of a record, even for those romantic days.

The only one of the General's daughters who stayed at home and married according to her father's wishes was Elizabeth, the cleverest and prettiest member of the quintet. She was twenty-three (a goodly age in a century when women sometimes married at fifteen) before one of her countless suitors succeeded in making any sort of impression on her heart.

At last she was wooed and won by a penniless young soldier of very doubtful antecedents. The lucky youth was Alexander Hamilton. He and Elizabeth were married Dec. 19, 1780. And the marriage was the first step in a career that was to shape America's destinies. Poor, and without family or influence, young Hamilton had hitherto been a mere soldier of fortune. Now, with the Schuyler wealth and boundless influence behind him, his genius found full scope, and he sprang rapidly into fame.

Elizabeth was an ideal wife for such a man. She not only helped him socially, guiding him around many a pitfall that might otherwise have caused him a bad tumble, but acted as his aide and adviser in the mighty political problems that soon confronted him. More than one of Hamilton's famous achievements in behalf of his country was largely due to her wisdom and keen foresight.